



DEVOTED TO POLITE LITERATURE, SUCH AS MORAL AND SENTIMENTAL TALES, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVELING SKETCHES, POETRY, AMUSING MISCELLANY, ANECDOTES, &c.

VOL. XI.—[II. NEW SERIES.]

HUDSON, N. Y. SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1834.

NO. 11.

SELECT TALES.

From the Hartford Pearl.
Real Life.

THERE are times when the monotonous din of a busy town is fatiguing; the dust and smoke offensive; that intense application to selfish pursuits, of business, gratification, and pleasure, disgusting; one feels that he lives in a cold, selfish world, and with a melancholy misanthropy, grows restive and dissatisfied, sighs for solitude, a purer atmosphere, and more congenial minds, with which to exchange thoughts and affections, and mingle sympathies. It was with such impressions, and under the influence of such feelings that Catherine rose hastily from her work, threw on her hat and shawl, and strolled away toward the country; but the Main street must first be patrolled before she could reach anything like rural scenery. Being in a moralizing mood she walked slowly, and observed closely whatever of incident or interest fell in her way. The first object of attention was a fashionable party of gentlemen and ladies, who filled to overflowing the parlor of a rich merchant. While passing she heard enough to convince her that their conversation was of the most frivolous character. She had scarcely passed the last window, when two young gentlemen, arm in arm, went past and walked on just before her. 'I must take breath a moment'—said one to his fellow—'before we go in. I really dread the evening. I know the company, and do not expect to hear a syllable of common sense unless we have the moral courage to talk it ourselves.' 'Well, that we shall not do,' replied the other, 'I never think of making any use of my intellect in the company of the ladies; I should as soon think of talking sense to parrots.' 'You remind me of an anecdote I once heard,' said the other. 'A gentleman once offered to send a young lady an interesting book, saying it contained many new and valuable ideas. I do not want it, said the lady gravely. I never had an idea in my house, and never mean to have.' 'That's genuine exclaimed his friend with a hearty laugh.' 'But hear me out,' retorted the other; 'I am acquainted with ladies, capable of thinking and conversing, whose cultivated minds are of the highest order. It is our own fault as a sex, that there are not many more such. Did we treat ladies as rational, intellectual beings, and show our preference to common sense, we should find them emulous to please us.' 'It may be so,' said the other, 'but I have not been so fortunate as to discover such an order of things.' So saying, they turned

short about, and went back to join the party. 'I wish every lady of that party could have heard those remarks,' said Catherine mentally, while a blush for her own sex, and a gush of indignation for the other, reddened her pale cheek. A voice from a window above her, reached her ear, and interrupted her reflections. 'I do not find such happy faces abroad,' said a gentleman in a tone of tenderness, 'my wife, my children, are all the world to me.' 'Your wife and children feel just like wearing happy faces, when you are with them,' replied the wife; 'your late absence seemed very, very long.' 'Happy family,' said Catherine, as their mingled voices died away on her ear. 'I think that lady is something more than a parrot to that husband.' Voices of a louder, harsher character now claimed the attention of Catherine. 'Other women can go and come when they please,' said a petulant female voice, 'I cannot, and will not, always stay home with my children.' 'I wish I had never got married.' 'I wish you had thought so some years ago,' said the husband, 'I should not have you to scold me.' 'But I shall go where I please, and you may help yourself.' A moment more, and the cross husband was walking on before her; he was instantly recognised, as he had been an elegant beau, flattering, and talking nonsense to the ladies, just as he would to parrots. His wife had simpered, and smiled and flirted with him, and finally married him, because he was the best dancer, and the handsomest fellow in town. Now, both were wretched. A low voice from the next window made Catherine look up, where sat a young girl with a plain intelligent face, solving a problem in Euclid. She was so deeply engaged as not to notice a friend who had stepped to the window, till he touched her cheek with his cane. 'Very intent Elizabeth,' said he, 'how do you like mathematics?' 'Well,'—she replied, 'It is fine discipline for the mind, and learns one to think.' 'There is a girl'—said Catherine to herself, as she passed on her way,—'who knows she has a mind, that it needs discipline, and she loves to think; I wonder if she will be called a parrot?' The next object which arrested her attention was a middle aged female, resting her head on her hand, a bursting sigh escaped her, and tears chased each other down her furrowed cheek. 'What aileth thee matron' thought Catherine,

'What sorrow, what care,
Hath knotted thy brow
With that look of despair?'

But she could not fathom the mystery of her untold sorrows, so giving a sigh of sym-

pathy to her unheard story, she passed on her way. She now had occasion to cross over to the opposite side-walk. In so doing, the singular attitude of a young lady arrested her eye. She was sitting in a window, with her work in her left hand, her right hand raised, with needle, thread and thimble, evidently in the act of taking another stitch, when some absorbing thought so abstracted her attention from outward objects that she remained motionless in that position. Catherine paused almost before her to watch her countenance for the cause of her absent mind. It was evidently no problem in Euclid. No index of intense thought or mathematical calculation was seen on her features. An expression of tenderness played about her mouth and dimpled cheek. A half suppressed smile was seen in her fixed eye. Some pleasing reminiscence of the past, or bright anticipation of the future, was strongly marked in the expression of her beautiful face.—'Love, love, is the absorbing theme.

She sits, perhaps, and thinks of him,
Who never thinks of her.'

said Catherine, as she pursued her solitary way. She had now reached the suburbs of the city. A few splendid mansions, the abodes of the wealthy were scattered along the way; but most of the dwellings were those of the poor. Here, a washer-woman was toiling in the shade of her small house, while she contrived to rock the cradle of her restless infant with her foot. There, stood a wretched hut, with a group of ragged children, and suffering mother, while the inebriated father and husband was cutting a few faggots at the door. In another, sat the industrious wife and mother, engaged in patching her children's clothes, or sewing to earn their bread. An infant lay on her bosom, a little one sat on her extended feet, another yet older rested his head on her knee while he looked her in the face, in the attitude of deep attention, while she related to him some instructive story. All about her, bore the marks of industry and neatness, as well as poverty. She once made one in a happy domestic circle around her father's fire side. An idle, worthless husband had shorn the last shred of her little patrimony. Nothing was now left her but toil and want. But with a meek, uncomplaining spirit, she was struggling to sustain those helpless children, who will in after life 'rise up, and call her blessed.' 'Surely,' said Catherine, 'that woman is not a parrot.'

Catherine had now left the city of Hudson behind her. The air had become pure about her, though the day had been sultry for

October. Clouds which are sometimes vulgarly called thunder-heads, had been for hours hanging about the horizon, but they now seemed to cluster and condense in the south-west.

'Will there be a shower madam?' asked Catherine, to a middle-aged woman, who stood watching the gathering clouds.

'I think not,' she replied, 'though there is something ominous of wind in those clouds,' she continued, still looking at them with anxiety. 'My daughter,' said she 'is gone to Catskill in a boat, with a small wedding party, and I have been watching those clouds with some apprehensions of a squall, but I think it will go round us.' Thus, after having soothed a mother's fears, she returned to her house, and Catherine pursued her object. She then left the main road, and ascended what was at that early period called 'Windmill Hill.' Here she found the objects of her search, fresh air, and retirement. She seated herself on a pile of rocks, from which she could command an extensive prospect of the surrounding country. With the aid of an excellent spy-glass she had purposely brought with her, she could bring distant objects near, and enjoy the rich autumnal scenery. There was something in Nature, now dressed in the variegated habiliments of age, that sorted with the softened and somewhat sombre feelings of her own bosom. To the east, she would look down on a rich level country, in a high state of cultivation. She could discover Claverack in the distance, with its country-seats, neat farm-houses, and the cottages of the industrious poor, its court house, and old ruinous prison. But an air of ease, affluence, and plenty was as extensive as the prospect. To the south, 'Livingston's Manor' stretched itself along the river, and for many miles to the east. This tract of country might have been luxuriantly productive under the hands of skilful agriculturists, but the fact that the inhabitants did not own 'the right of soil,' palsied the hand of industry and enterprise, and cast a mildew on their scanty produce.

Catherine turned from the contemplation of such scenes, to others more congenial. Her prospect of the river to the north was fine, and the scenery along its banks luxuriant. To the west the prospect was still more magnificent, bounded by the blue summits of the Catskill mountain, whose lofty peaks seemed to mingle with the clouds. The dense forests which adorned its brow and base, seemed like 'wilds immeasurably spread' where beasts of prey securely prowl, and safely rest. Nature never tires the eye, or sickens the heart. Catherine had taken a peep with her glass into the dressing rooms of the votaries of fashion, had seen the laborious efforts at the toilet with disgust. She had looked in upon those indolent beings who seem to feel that time is one of their greatest trials, and to dispose of which they invent many painful methods. From these she turned with a sigh! She had for a moment looked in on a young lady of distinguished merit. She sat with her guitar, and her lover, alternately playing, singing and conversing. She saw the proud, happy lover with an air of triumph, 'his soul in his eye, gazing first at her fair form, her lovely features, and then at her instrument, touched with so much skill and harmony. But she felt it sacrilege thus to intrude on the privacy of a lover's tete-a-tete. But the Hudson with its floating habitations

was public property, no one could accuse her of sacrilege, or a breach of 'the golden rule,' should she examine its glassy bosom; with all the variety of water craft, from the majestic brig, to the pleasure boat and light canoe. She soon discovered from the maneuvering of the sailors, that a wind was expected, and prepared for. She took another look at the clouds, and her own position, to ascertain if she was herself both 'high and dry,' if the storm should come in that direction. She concluded that it could not reach so high, except a slight pattering, perhaps, and recollecting the old adage, 'neither sugar nor salt,' she determined to abide the consequences. She was scarcely seated again, when she discovered in the direction of Catskill,

A beautiful boat,
With its white sails afloat,
Borne swift on the wings of the breeze.

That may be the wedding party, said Catherine, arising and minutely examining the contents of the boat. It was a splendid sail boat, with two men to manage her, and six passengers. She could distinctly see their position, dress, and gestures; all seemed in high spirit. She fancied she almost heard their lively sallies and their boisterous mirth. There was one, however, who from her attitude and looks, showed signs of care and anxiety, it was the bride; while the attentive, assiduous bridegroom was making every effort to dissipate that anxiety. Catherine had very little time to puzzle herself with peradventures as to the cause of her inquietude, for the clouds were fast gathering darkness, and the storm approached rapidly. She had only time to see that the boat steered for the shore before a cloud of dust and falling foliage interrupted her vision.

Near by, there stood the trunk of an old oak,
And all the storm defy'd

Catherine fled thither for shelter, and fell prostrate on the ground. The angry gale swept past her with fury, tearing several trees from the verge of the hill, and hurling them to its base with a tremendous crash.

The meager plants that grew around
The willow and the ash trembled and kiss'd the ground.

But the tempest was past in a moment, and the sun looked out upon the cloud now swiftly waving north, and bearing all before it in one mingled ruin. Catherine regardless of her own wet and dirty self, seized her spy glass and looked for the wedding party. Boats of different orders were putting off from the shore and clustering around the spot where she last saw the sail boat. She soon discovered that persons were taken from the water. 'That boat has upset,' exclaimed Catherine with indescribable emotion, 'who, who of that party has been sent in this unexpected manner into eternity!' She then hastened down the hill as fast as the obstruction of fallen trees and mingled turf, stones, and under brush would admit. She at last reached the public road, and called on the anxious mother she had seen watching the clouds, to rest herself, and inquire after the wedding party. She was not mistaken in her conjectures, 'it had upset in the gale.' The boats which went to their assistance had saved all but the newly married pair—both of them were lost. Catherine found the mother calm and resigned, before she had ascertained that her daughter was safe, and thankful and solemn when she heard the joyful fact. Her son had gone to the river with all possible speed, on horseback, to learn the issue of the

event, and rode up to the door agitated and pale, 'O mother,' said he, 'Mary, sister Mary, is—is,' 'is what, my son, dead?' 'O no, mother, is alive, well,' 'but, O, poor Jane and Henry are lost, lost.' An agonizing scream rent the air, Catherine turned and saw a female prostrate on the ground, her husband stood over her crying, 'she is dead, too, she is dead too.' Restoratives were applied, and the lady revived only to renew her heart piercing cries. She was the mother of the bride, she lived near, and had come at that moment to learn the facts respecting her daughter's fate. She was conveyed home, while apparently frantic with grief. From the mother of Mary, Catherine learned that she was one of those misjudging mothers, who, from false tenderness, had suffered this only daughter to grow up, a head strong, self-willed girl, with her passions unsubdued, and self-gratification her ruling passion. Her mother had not won her confidence, or secured her respect. She neither feared, nor loved her parents. The young gentleman she had married paid her his addresses, her parents opposed her, treated her severely, the consequence was, an elopement and clandestine marriage. The remainder of her melancholy history has already been told. It was now growing late, and Catherine proceeded toward home, reflecting on the events she had witnessed. It was nearly dark when she arrived at the city. As she passed the parlor of the merchant where she had seen the party assembling, she found they had exchanged rooms and amusements, the hall above was brilliantly lighted up, and idle conversation was exchanged for the dance. Before the sound of the music and light footstep had died away on her ear, she met the slowly moving hearse, which conveyed the lifeless bodies of the bride and bridegroom, to their distressed parents. They were found before the death grasp of the bride was loosened from her husband's arm—he had, it seemed, made an effort to save her, became entangled with her clothes, they had sunk together! 'Like a star in the mighty waters.'

The next day they were committed to one grave, and were soon forgotten. The gay, were gay as ever, the thoughtless and unreflecting, still unreflecting and thoughtless. The unhappy mother and daughter were both objects of censure, but neither mothers nor daughters perceived in this example a lesson for themselves. Thousands have been ruined by the same indulgence and mismanagement, but here and there a mother has felt her responsibility or obligation to train up their daughters to make rational, sensible, affectionate companions, discreet and prudent mothers, useful members of society, and an ornament to their sex, while multitudes have been literally made parrots. Such were the reflections of Catherine, as she shut the doors of her own room about her, and took her pen to record the history of her walk to Windmill Hill, October 1793.

B.

A TRADING LAWYER.—An eminent Lawyer went into a shop of a gentleman in Boston, who was in partnership with his brother-in-law, and inquired for some waistcoats. A number of elegant patterns were thrown on the counter. The lawyer pleasantly observed, he should like to take one of them if he would take his pay in law. 'You may take one if you please,' replied the gentleman, 'and pay my brother-in-law.'

The Close of a Fine Day.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

THE morning dawned with such splendor that it seemed to announce a fete in Heaven. Josephine, the beautiful Josephine, the empress of France (who was then residing at Petit-Trianon,) was awakened by the bright rays of the sun beaming upon her face through the folds of the embroidered curtains. Half rising from her bed, she drew them aside, and gazed long and ardently upon the morning sun; it was one of those looks which she bestowed only on her son, her adored Eugene, or the emperor, her husband. She summoned none of her attendants; but wrapping herself in a white gown, she left her couch, and opened one of the windows of her bed-chamber. All nature seemed languid. The tops of the trees gently bowing to the morning gale, appeared to the fancy, as they touched each other, to breathe kindness and love. The unfortunate Josephine involuntarily sighed forth, 'Oh! what a glorious day!—surely some happiness is this day in store for me!' These words had hardly escaped her lips, when she heard music under the window of the chateau. The empress thought that she had been observed. She slowly retired from the casement, and again reclined upon her bed.

Suddenly, without any announcement, without even tapping at the door of the chamber, some one entered, and hurried towards the couch of Josephine. 'Ah!' exclaimed she, folding her gown around her, and stretching forth her arms, 'I was certain this would be a happy day for me. My son! my Eugene!' She wept with delight; and the first transports of meeting over, they gazed at each other in silence which was only interrupted by an embrace. Their was something almost divine in the affection of Eugene towards his mother. 'My good, my kind mother!' said the viceroy of Italy, when he recovered the power of utterance, 'I wished to surprise you, to visit you without announcing my arrival by your attendants. I only took care to awaken you by the music of the military band.' 'You have done wrong perhaps, dear Eugene, in not previously sending to prepare me for the meeting,' replied Josephine, with a heavenly smile, not in the least tinged with reproach; 'for sudden joy, joy like mine, might occasion death. I have always loved you.—The half of the love I bear the emperor is occasioned by the kindness with which he regards you. The other half, and which is not jealous of it, belongs to him alone; I love him because he is Napoleon.' 'And I, I love you with all my heart, because you are my mother, and because you adore him,' continued Eugene. 'You have doubtless seen him since you have returned, my son?' asked Josephine. 'My first visit, as well as my first thought, was for you, my mother.' 'You owe it to another, my son,' immediately replied the empress, gravely yet affectionately; 'I can only claim the second. But the emperor, who loves his mother so dearly, well knows what it is to be a son,' continued she; 'and he will forgive your neglect, my dear Eugene.' But perceiving that her reproach had hurt him, she dried up his tears with a maternal embrace.

The mother and son breakfasted together in private, that their intercourse might not be trammelled by the rules of etiquette. They talked of Italy, of the campaigns, and victories of the emperor; till Josephine felt inclined to

believe that it was a god she had for a husband and an angel for a son.

When their meal was ended, they descended into the garden, and the prince supporting his mother on his arm, they wandered through the winding walks, traversed the subterranean grottoes, or rowed gently on the bosom of the lake.

On the same morning a magnificent carriage dashed up the avenue to Versailles, and paused at the grand entrance. Another, drawn by eight horses, and still more magnificent, followed this with the rapidity of lightning. This last was hailed, as it passed, with shouts of joy; but the man to whom this welcome was addressed paid little attention to it. His arms were folded, and his head inclined upon his breast in an attitude of profound reflection; he did not respond, even by the slightest gestures, to the acclamations of the crowd.

Napoleon, for it was he, seemed moody and morose, as if he was on the eve of engaging in a battle which was to decide the fate of Europe. In vain did the multitude look for one of those gracious smiles, which he so well knew how to bestow. He saw it not; he heard it not. He could only listen to the thoughts that weighed on his mind; and the restless demeanor which he found it impossible to command, plainly showed that his reflections were of the most harassing description. He was accompanied in the carriage by the chamberlain of the palace, who, observing the agitation of his master, took care not to increase his ill-temper by any attempts at conversation.

The emperor alighted, and said to Duroc, 'I shall go to Trianon on foot, and attended by none but Roustan. Observe, I shall soon return.—I only wish to surprise the empress,' added he. His brow appeared to darken more and more. Accompanied by Roustan, he hastened through one of the cross-paths in the park. During the walk but few words escaped his lips. He still remained deeply buried in thought.

Although Napoleon had not intended to give the empress any previous notice of his visit to Versailles, yet the report of his arrival reached Trianon before him. M. Frere, Josephine's valet-de-chambre, hurried to acquaint his mistress with the news, who was still wandering in the shady walks of the garden with her dearly loved son. The information cast a sudden gloom over her spirits, which was the more unaccountable, as she had usually been transported with joy on the arrival of her husband. Eugene likewise, who endeavored to preserve the gayness and joy he had hitherto displayed, found it impossible to conceal his uneasiness, though he could not account for it. As the empress was passing the threshold of the chateau, she slipped and almost fell. 'So fine a day!' said she, sighing; 'should it end in sorrow!' Josephine, however, still thought of her son Eugene, though she felt so uneasy for herself; and fearing lest the emperor would testify surprise and displeasure at not receiving the first visit, she prevailed upon him to retire to a room, adjoining that in which she intended to receive her husband. Eugene had hardly retired, when the emperor entered hurriedly, and tossed his hat upon the sofa, without uttering a word. When the empress arose to receive the accustomed kiss, she shuddered, and shrank back as if under the influence of some supernatural power. His feverish lips

but slightly touched her forehead, and that with constraint. The emperor, with his hands convulsively clasped, walked rapidly up and down the apartment in silence, while Josephine stood terrified, leaning against the wall, and anxiously watching every motion of her husband. Suddenly the emperor paused, and stood before his wife for some time, with his eyes anxiously fixed upon her. 'Napoleon, tell me, what has your poor Josephine done, that you should frighten her so?' 'Let us not talk of that now,' said he in a tone of constrained harshness; 'business, madame, business demands our attention to-day.' 'Madame! You used to call me Josephine!' 'Well, well, don't talk of that.' 'But what then?' asked Josephine, frightened at his manner. 'Business, I tell you, business!' exclaimed Napoleon, hastily. 'There was a time,' replied Josephine, 'when you spoke to me of your affairs, that you might gather some friendly counsels from a feeble woman; your voice was not then so harsh, and your smiles, which were not then so bitter as they are now, encouraged me to speak my thoughts.' 'In truth, madame, I would sooner be compelled to re-conquer the whole of Italy, than to utter my present thoughts. The emperor of the French, who must attend to the welfare of his people, has no time to make a parade of sentiment.'

Josephine drew forth a casket, in which were preserved the letters of Napoleon, and opening it, placed it before him. 'Sire,' said she, with dignity, 'these were written by the first consul, the victor of Marengo.' 'Ah! love-letters!' replied the emperor glancing at them carelessly; 'love-letters! true!—but does it become you, madame, to display them thus? This, for instance, would you that I should read it to you—this, which I wrote to you on the field of battle, worn-out with fatigue, thinking only of you, telling all my glory to you alone, who would not return a single answer, indulging, as you did, in all the pleasures of Milan, and perhaps encouraging the attentions of some cavalier?' 'Sire!' exclaimed the empress, 'have some respect for me, for yourself!' 'Or shall I read this?' continued Napoleon, becoming more heated, as he remembered the jealousy to which he had formerly been a victim; 'would you wish me to do so? Hold! I will.' And he read the following;—'I came to Milan; I hastened to your apartment; I quitted every thing to see you, to embrace you. You were not there.—You were at a fete, you were away when I arrived, you thought not of Napoleon. Caprice made you love him, and inconstancy renders you now indifferent to him. The pain I feel is as severe as it was unexpected. Continue in your career of pleasure; happiness was made for you; the whole world is too happy if it can but please you, and your husband is very, very miserable.'

'Oh, the thought of this draws the blood to my cheek,' continued the emperor; 'remove these scrawls; away with them, or I will tear them to pieces. Do not remind me again, that I, the foremost man in all the world, could have a rival in the affections of a woman whom I have raised to the dignity of my wife. At this moment, the sounds of footsteps was heard in an adjoining apartment, accompanied with a long-drawn and ill-suppressed sigh. 'Who overhears us?' asked the emperor, angrily; 'Who is there?'—and he advanced to the door of the chamber

whence the noise proceeded. 'It is my son who is there,' replied Josephine, in a tone which manifested her indignation at his reproaches. She herself opened the door for prince Eugene, who threw himself into the arms of the empress, weeping, and only able to say, 'My mother! my poor mother!'

The emperor, who had greatly exaggerated the suspicions which the apparent levity of Josephine had formerly occasioned, was so surprised at the sudden appearance of Eugene, and at the picture of grief displayed before him, that he did not even think of questioning the viceroy as to his arrival. Josephine, the insulted Josephine, now appeared to have dominion over the emperor, but by other means than before. 'My son has heard my accusation,' said she, addressing Napoleon, 'let him, sire, also hear my defence. It shall be brief. I have been young, and too desirous, perhaps, to receive homage, that it might seem, as it were, the reflection of your glory. But the wife of Napoleon Buonaparte has not, in her wedded state, had thought or wish, which she would not avow to her husband as freely as to her God. Heaven grant that Napoleon may have as little reason to reproach himself as the Empress Josephine.'

The voice of the empress, usually so calm, was now decisive and energetic. As she pronounced the last words, the emperor stood almost in the light of one accused; for besides that Josephine had never ceased to be his dearest friend, and the only person who possessed constant influence over him, it was no longer doubtful, that her conjugal fidelity was unimpeachable; and her justification to him, delivered in the presence of a third person like Eugene, hurt his pride.

He now made use of a gentler tone, judging that he would by this means obtain more easily the object of his visit. 'You are, right my Josephine,' said he, 'and I was in the wrong to give credence to suspicions totally unworthy of you: you are right, and may you always be my best friend. But let Eugene leave us alone for a few moments, that I may propose to you a sacrifice which will cost me as many tears as it will you, Josephine.' 'You can proceed before me, sire,' said Eugene, who truly conjectured the impending blow; 'the empress will perhaps require her son to aid her to support her misfortunes.' Josephine remained silent. She had never listened to the reports that had been spread abroad since the accession of her husband to the throne. Eugene gazed at her with tears in his eyes. 'Well, then! my friend,' replied Buonaparte, 'let your son, who will always be mine also, hear me, and comfort even me; for it is a frightful sacrifice.' So saying with an air of kindness, he placed one hand on the shoulder of Eugene, with the other he clasped the hand of Josephine. 'My friend,' proceeded he, after a moment's recollection 'do you think that an attachment of the heart is able to withstand every trial, and that, through the force of circumstances, two beings that adore each other, can live separated by distance, though not by sentiment?' Josephine at first did not understand him. It was evident that Napoleon was really attached to her, for he spoke much and indefinitely, before he ventured to pronounce the word *divorce*, which he at length summoned up courage to do, with pale and trembling lips. He joined to it some expressions concerning the interests and the glory of France.

Napoleon doubtless expected a scene of tears, shrieks, and fainting. His surprise was great, when at this avowal, the empress summoned up all her strength, and answered him apparently unmoved. 'Sire! if I had faith in oracles, and if I believed that, as has been told me, I should carry to my place of exile your fortune and your happiness, I would not consent to what you have proposed. But, if it will advantage either yourself or France, I will consent to it.' She spoke in a firm and sustained tone; as she concluded, she reclined her head on the breast of her son, murmuring so low that it could not be heard by the emperor, 'I will consent, but it will kill me.' 'Why do you speak of exile?' replied Napoleon, affected even to tears. 'My Josephine shall always be so near me, that I can see her sometimes; and often will I leave the palace of another wife, whom the interests of the state, not my heart, have compelled me to take, to clasp you again in my arms.' 'I give, without regret, all else to my successor,' answered Josephine, 'since I possess your heart; for mine is still young enough for friendship, though my face be too old for love.'

When Napoleon was ready to depart, Josephine approached the window, and perceiving that the weather had suddenly changed, and that the rain was descending in torrents, she sighed deeply, and then ordered one of her carriages to be prepared to conduct the emperor to his suite.

This incident took place at the end of the month of September, 1809. Three years after, when the empress Maria-Louisa, indulging in the amusements of Vienna, thought but little of the exile of her husband to Elba, the unfortunate Josephine died of grief. The last words that she uttered were, 'Elba!—Napoleon!'

During the hundred days, the emperor questioned her medical attendants concerning the cause of her death. 'Grief for your misfortunes,' was the reply; and Napoleon added, with a sigh, 'She at least loved me.'

TRAVELING SKETCHES.

From the New-York American.

Description of the Grand Pawnee Village.

BY WASHINGTON IRVING.

IMMEDIATELY after our wild welcome by the different Pawnee Chiefs, we started onward for the Village. It appeared as if every man, woman, and child, had looked upon the day of our arrival as one of jubilee; the boys had thrown aside their bows and arrows, and the females had abandoned their drudgery, and the old men had ceased their songs of former victories, to paint themselves up for the festival; and now that the reception was over, and all the requisite awe of their nation had been impressed upon us, they threw aside the stern, unbending character of the Indian warrior, and pressed around us as we rode along, with all the kind hospitality of hosts in receiving their most welcome guests.

In different directions, small bands of the young men would amuse themselves by dashing around the party at the full speed of their horses, and attempting to oust each other from their saddles by the violent collision of their animals. Occasionally a few would start off in a race across the plain,

exerting their utmost skill to outstrip their competitors, and endeavoring, by whooping and screaming, and by clattering their arms in the ears of their frightened steeds, to excite them even beyond the mad rate at which they were then sweeping over the prairie.

Others of the young men hung around the party, making their remarks concerning its different members, and occasionally exciting loud peals of laughter from their comrades, which, however, were frequently cut short by a stern word from one of the chiefs.

The whole road, from the plain to the village, was lined with women and children, who had not dared to approach during the formalities of our reception, but who now all eagerly pressed forward to gaze upon so unwonted a sight as that of a white stranger entering freely into their village; and all anxious to gratify that curiosity which is peculiarly strong in the bosom of an Indian, more especially if that Indian be a female.

They were nearly all mounted upon the backs of the little stiff-maned drudge horses of the village, sometimes singly, but generally in clusters of two and three.

In particular, one wilted, gray headed old squaw, with a family of four children under her charge, attracted our attention. She was mounted upon a little wall-eyed, cream-colored pony, with a roach mane and bob-tail. There was a lurking devil looking out of his half-closed eye, the very antipodes of his rider, who sat upon his back like the picture of patience.—Her charge she had arranged as well as could be expected from a person in her situation. One little fellow, whose two eyes gleamed like sparks of fire from beneath the long tangled hair, which nearly covered his face, was striding almost upon the neck of the horse, armed with a heavy Indian whip; one little one was dozing in her arms, another was clinging tightly to her back, and the face of a fourth, like the head of a caterpillar, just ready to emerge from a cocoon, was peering from the mouth of a leathern bag, which was lashed between her shoulders.

But though the old lady thus scrupulously divided the burden with her steed, he seemed far from being satisfied with his situation, and at last determined in good earnest to rid himself of his incumbrance.

Tossing his head in the air, he commenced waltzing and capering around upon his hind feet, to the great discomfiture of the old squaw, who, reaching out both hands, clung with might and main to the high pommel of the Indian pack saddle, while two of the children, left to their own guidance, like so many monkeys, clung around the body of their protectress.

The horse, finding that the first experiment had not succeeded to his satisfaction, altered his plan of action, and planting his fore feet firmly upon the sod, in the next instant he flourished his heels as high in the air as his head was the moment before; but still his rider continued to cling desperately to the saddle, making use of every expression of Indian oburgation and soothing, in a vain appeal to the sensibilities of the restive animal, who still continued his capers, to the great delight of the naked little elf who was perched upon his neck, evidently aiding and abetting the mutiny by a sudden switch of his whip, and occasionally casting back his sly laughing black eye upon the old lady and her

brood, who were screaming and chattering behind.

At last the animal, finding that no physical force of his could free his back from the burden, and coming to the conclusion that the less time he spent in accomplishing his journey the shorter would be his ordeal, he started off at a full gallop for the village, and we caught our last glimpse of him as he dashed between the trees of the town, urged on by the lash of his imp-like little rider.

When the party had once commenced its march, it was not long before they reached the point of destination; for though the Indians crowded forward to satisfy their curiosity by gazing upon the arms and accoutrements of the whites, they yet remained at such a distance as to offer no obstacle to their progress.

The rule of etiquette was, however, occasionally transgressed, by the troops of untrimmed, goblin looking little urchins, who hung upon the heels of the party, crowding in droves around the baggage-wagons, and gazing with a mixture of terror and wild delight upon the wearied movements of the oxen, who, with lolling tongues and reeling steps, were almost inch by inch winning their way to the village.

Several times, when a circle of little curious faces, anxious to see, but ready to run, had formed around the team, a sharp, shrill scream from some more mischievous of the gang, would, in an instant, disperse all their rallied courage, and send them scampering at full speed over the prairie.

Another grand object of attraction was a negro, belonging to the party, who trudged on in front, surrounded by a rabble crowd of women and children. From the first moment of our arrival he had been an object of intense curiosity, and had been gazed at with a mixture of fear and astonishment by the whole nation.

But there is an old saying, that 'familiarity breeds contempt,' and in this case it was verified; for, by degrees, the circle which formed around him at a respectful distance, became more and more compressed. It was in vain that he attempted to rid himself of their company; they swarmed around him like ants,—if he quickened his pace, they did the same; if he lingered along, they were equally slow; and if he turned upon them, they scattered in every direction; but after a while even this wore off, and they finally hemmed him in so that it was almost impossible to move for the crowd. When they had thus closed upon him, the lurking spirit of devilry began, they pulled his pantaloons, and they jostled him until the perspiration, the effect of fear and his exertions, poured in streams down his face. At length one toothless, gray bearded old crone, attracted by the glistening appearance of a black leather cap, which was mounted upon his head, made a violent snatch, and seized hold of it; a hot scramble then ensued for the possession, which, after much derangement to the wardrobe of the negro, and much detriment to the hides of the Indians, was obtained by the rightful owner, who no sooner regained his property, than he opened his shirt, and placing it next his bosom, he buttoned his coat over it up to the chin, evincing his respect to the nation by performing the rest of the journey *uncovered*. He was afterwards known among the Indians by the title of (Wah-sah-be,) the Black Bear.

The Pawnee village is situate in the open prairie, at the foot of a long range of hills, and within about 50 yards of the Plate river, which at this place is about two miles broad, and is very shallow, being constantly forded by the squaws, who visit the different islands, and obtain from them the only fuel and building materials to be found in this part of the country.

The lodges in the town are numerous and built close together, without the least regard to regularity; they are hemispherical in their shape, and are covered with earth to the thickness of several feet; they vary from twenty to thirty feet in height, and some of them are nearly ninety feet in diameter; the large circular or dome-like roofs of the buildings are supported from the interior by pillars formed from the upright trunks of trees, and large berths, or cribs, for sleeping, are ranged around the interior, against the wall of the building.

In the center a hole is dug to contain the fire, the smoke of which is permitted to eddy through the building, and escape at its leisure through a small hole in the roof, which forms the chimney, and at the same time serves to let in the day-light, which reaches the interior of the lodge.

On account of the scarcity of wood, several families congregate together in the same lodge, and are seen throughout the whole day, lounging and sleeping before the fire, or gorging themselves from the large kettle filled with buffalo flesh, which is perpetually over the fire.

Upon entering the village, we found the tops of the lodges completely covered with women and children, whilst the area in front of the chief's dwelling was equally crowded. When we reached the front, the chief, who had ridden in advance of the party, stepped from the dark passage which formed the entrance to his abode, to meet us. He was completely enveloped in a robe of white wolf skin, upon which was painted an hieroglyphic account of all the achievements he had ever performed in his different war parties.—Upon the approach of Mr. E——, he advanced towards him, and taking the robe from his own shoulders, presented it to him, requesting him (through the Interpreter) to keep it for his sake. He then ushered the party into his dwelling, and pointing out the place allotted for the reception of the contents of the wagons, he called together a number of Indians, and gave them directions to assist in unloading, while in person he stood at the door watching the movements of his men, to prevent any attempts at purloining—a crime too common among the lower classes of an Indian village.

Nearly half an hour had elapsed in this way, during which time the lodge was becoming more and more crowded. One dark form after another glided with a noiseless step over the threshold, moving across the lodge until they reached the darkest corners. Here they seated themselves upon the ground, and shrouding their shaggy robes around them, so as completely to screen the lower part of their faces, they fixed their unwavering gaze upon the strangers, while from the dark parts of the building their eyes seemed to shine out like glowing balls of phosphorus.

Not a word was spoken—no undertoned conversation was carried on—but all was silence, save the hurried footsteps of those who were busied according to the directions

of the chief. No jests were uttered, for we were now under the roof of their leader, and any word spoken in derogation of his guests, would have called down a speedy return of vengeance.

Upon our first entrance into the lodge, a large kettle, which would contain about five gallons, had been filled with buffalo flesh and hard corn, and placed over the fire; and now that we had become fairly settled in our abode, and the bustle of unloading had, in a measure passed away, the wife of the chief (by-the-bye he has five of them) poured the whole contents into a large wooden bowl, and arming each of us with a black dipper, made of buffalo horn, made signs to us to fall to.

We did not wait for a second invitation, but immediately commenced an attack with both fingers and dippers into the mountain of food which was placed before us. We had not eaten since day-light; it was now late in the day, and the appetites of the party, never particularly delicate, having increased in proportion to the length of their fast, the devastation was enormous. But every excess brings with it its own punishment; and our case was not an exception to the general rule; for scarce had we finished our meal, when a little Indian boy half covered with a tattered buffalo skin, forced his way into the lodge, elbowing in among the warriors with all that transient air of consequence worn by little characters when charged with some mission of importance; he came to the side of the chief who was sitting near us, with his legs doubled under him, after the Turkish fashion, and whispered in his ear.

The chief then rose, and announced that the Long Hair, the second warrior of the village, had prepared a feast in honor of our arrival, and was waiting for the party to come and partake. There was some demurring as to the acceptance of this second invitation; but the Interpreters informed Mr. E. there was no resource, as eating your way into the good will of the savages is one of the necessary accompaniments to the successful negotiation of an Indian treaty, and to plead that we had already eaten sufficient was useless, for that is a thing incredible to an Indian, who always carries with him an appetite proportioned to the quantity to be eaten and the opportunities of doing so; and let the latter come as often as it may, it invariably finds him prepared.

After some consultation, and seeing no remedy, we left the lodge, and followed our little guide through the intricacies of the village, to the dwelling of the Long Hair.—When we entered he was sitting upon the ground, and motioned us to a seat upon some dirty cushions of undressed hide, which had been placed for us by one of his wives.

He was a stern, gloomy looking man, with an anxious wrinkled brow, a mouth like iron, and an eye like fire: he evidently made efforts to be sociable, but it was not his nature; and during the whole feast, the stern, unbending character of the Indian warrior was continually peering out from beneath the show of hospitality. He urged us to eat, and he even attempted to smile, but it more resembled the angry snarl of a wild cat, than the outpourings of any pleasurable emotion. In short, we liked him not, and hurried through our feast as soon as possible.—When he had finished, and while a number of the party were smoking, in turn, from a large red stone pipe, which the chief passed

around, Dr. —, the physician attached to the party, rose up and slowly sauntered around the lodge, until he observed a small bundle of bones and skin, which hung from a pole crossing the center of the lodge.—Curious to know what it might contain, he reached out his arm to take hold of it;—from the moment that he had left his seat, the brow of the chief had darkened, but he said nothing, contenting himself by narrowly watching the motions of his guest,—but no sooner had he touched the bundle, than the effect upon the frame of the Indian was like an electric shock: he half started from his seat; the veins on his forehead swelled like whipcord; and his eyes shot fire—while, with clenched fists and extended arms, he shrieked out something between a yell and an imprecation, upon the head of the astonished transgressor.

The secret was soon explained by the frightened interpreter. The bundle that had attracted the curiosity of the doctor, was the medicine bag* of the lodge: and by changing its position, he had been guilty of one of the greatest outrages which could have been inflicted upon the superstitious feelings of an Indian—and at another time, might have paid dearly the forfeit of his rashness. As it was, at the earnest solicitations of the interpreter, he resumed his seat, and the anger of the chief passed away. Shortly after this, another courier arrived to invite us to a third feast; and, taking our leave, we followed him to the lodge of this other chief. The feast was exactly the same as the former; and ere we had finished, invitation after invitation came pouring in upon us, until after visiting about ten or fifteen lodges, one after another, the different members of the party gave out, and returned to the abode of the chief.

Upon our return, Mr. E— assembled the different warriors, and after some consultation, the following day was appointed for holding a Council, to agree upon the terms of the treaty.

When this had been settled, the chief turned and spoke a few words to the heralds,† who immediately started thro' the village, proclaiming to the nation the time appointed for the approaching Council.

While Mr. E. was thus engaged, the rest of the party had drawn together around the fire, and were discussing the different events of the day, when their attention was attracted by the motion of the bear-skin, forming the inner door of the lodge, which was slowly raised and a female stepped timidly from the passage into the interior, and moved rapidly, and evidently with a desire to escape observation, into the darkest part of the lodge. Her whole appearance bespoke her a stranger. She was beautiful; and though a fearful being, she moved with the step of a queen among the wild horde around her. She was

* Every lodge in an Indian village contains what is termed its Medicine Bag, which is hung up in the most conspicuous place, and regarded with the greatest veneration, not only by that individual family, but by the whole tribe. Little is known of their contents, as they are seldom opened, and always with the greatest formalities, while the greatest is observed in excluding strangers, whose presence or interference is regarded as a certain source of future misfortunes.

† These heralds are self-elected, and are composed of the oldest men of the village, who having spent their younger days in war, now solace their old age by boasting of what they have done, and by occasionally running through the town to spread the orders of the chief. When no such service is required, they amuse themselves by stalking around the village, yelling out advice to the young men, with voices that might be heard at the distance of a mile, but which, as far as I was able to judge, was attended to about as much as if it had never been uttered.

the wife of the Keoway Indian, and her dress was of a richness agreeing with his own. A bright band of silver was fastened around her neck, a small jacket of scarlet cloth, the spoil of some pillaged caravan, edged with silver lace and beads, was secured around her waist and breast, with scarlet ribbons, and a long garment of blue cloth enveloped the rest of her form. Like her husband, she wore medals of silver upon her breast, and bracelets of the same upon her wrists; her moccasins, also, were more finely ornamented than those of the Pawnee women who were seated and who were engaged in offering to her all those nameless civilities due to a stranger and guest.

From the moment of her entrance into the lodge, she had been the object of attraction to all eyes, and finding that it still continued, she withdrew into one of the berths, and dropping in front of her a screen of grass matting, she remained there for the rest of the day.

MISCELLANY.

Impudence.

A BOLD, impudent fellow came to me one day, many years since, and told me that he had been to market—had purchased a couple of chickens—was a little short—and asked me to lend him thirty-seven and a half cents. 'Why, sir, I do not know you.' 'Your brother knows me.' 'But that is no reason why you should ask to borrow money of me—an entire stranger—although the sum is but a trifle.' 'Rest assured, sir, I will pay you.' 'Well,' said I, jestingly, 'I will try you.' I accordingly gave him the money. I saw nothing of him for eight or ten months, when at length he made his appearance, with as brazen a face as before—told the same story—and wanted to borrow the identical sum of thirty-seven and a half cents, for the purpose of paying for a pair of chickens. Struck with his impudence, I said, 'I might, sir, tell you that I could not do it—but I will in plain English tell you I will not.' 'Why so?' inquired he, affecting surprise. 'Because,' says I, 'you borrowed the same sum from me eight or ten months since, and promised to pay me, and broke you word.' He denied the fact, point blank, and said he had never before been in my store. My clerk, who was at the end of the store, and heard the whole discussion, had lived with me when the loan was made. He came forward: 'Yes, sir,' says he, 'you did borrow the money, and I was present at the time.' He was not thus to be foiled, but said: 'Do, sir, lend me this small sum, and I will pay the two together.' I need not say that I was inexorable.

I have heard, but once, of more bare-faced impudence than this. A gentleman, while conversing amidst a crowd on a fourth of July, with a distinguished gentleman of his acquaintance, was asked by a person—whose arm had been blown off by the bursting of a cannon on some public occasion—for some money, to aid him in his helpless condition. He put his hand in his pocket, and gave him a half-dollar. The man clutched it and without rendering a word of thanks, retired.—Not long after, he elbowed his way through the crowd, and touching the donor's arm, observed: 'Your brother has just given me a dollar.' The hint was a broad one: and

our generous contributor, not wishing to be outdone in liberality by his relative, drew from his pocket two twenty-five cent pieces, to redeem his credit with the solicitor. The maimed worthy, without a sign of gratitude, again mingled with the crowd; but was presently at his benefactor's elbow, with a suspicious looking coin, between his thumb and finger, which he presented, saying: 'One of the quarters you gave me was an eighteen-penny piece. Can't you give me the balance?' M. C.

Philadelphia, August, 1834.

The Moth and the King.

A YOUNG king, about to take possession of his throne, whilst musing one night in his study, beheld a pretty moth flying round one of the lights.

'Silly fly,' he said, 'back, back; it dazzles but to burn;' and he put it away gently with his hand. Again and again it flew round the flame, each time nearer and nearer.

'Idle fool!' he exclaimed again, brushing it away, 'wilt thou be deceived by this fatal glare! Fly from the brilliant wo, to the stars of heaven, which thou canst never touch, or to the simple flowers of the field—they will burn thee not.'

Still the perverse insect rushed upon its fate till its powdered wings were consumed, and it lay fluttering and dying upon the table.

Years went by; the young prince grew to a stately monarch; but the lives of kings are seldom peaceful, and long before the curls which fell from his ample brow were touched by the snows of time, he stood at the block to yield his head to the fierce rage of an indigent and merciless people. He remembered the incident of past years, for his heart misgave him that it might be an omen.

'And is it even thus then,' he said; 'have all the splendors of royalty, left me but on a level with a despised moth? Nay, a rational end was his. It was but a puff of the blaze, and he was free; but I have fluttered around the deadly flame of ambition, and died by inches.'

Indian Character.

MR. SCHOONHAVEN, an old man, eighty years of age, who not long since lived in the neighborhood of Lake George, related the following remarkable instance of the cruelty and generosity of the Indians, to Mr. H—, a friend of Dr. Silliman. During the last French war in America, he, with six or seven more Americans, was taken prisoner by a detachment of Indians, while on an excursion through the wilderness between Fort William Henry on Lake George, and Sandy Hill on the Hudson River, where there is now a flourishing village. They conducted them to a spot which now forms an open place in the middle of the village, and made them sit down in a row on the trunk of a tree. The Indians then began with perfect indifference, to split the skulls of the victims successively with their tomahawks; while the survivors were compelled to witness the dreadful fate of their companions, and await their own with a terror not to be conceived. Mr. Schoonhaven was the last but one on the opposite end of the tree where the massacre had begun. His turn was already come, and the murderous axe was brandished over his head and ready to fall on him, when the chief made a signal to put an end to the murder. On this he approached Mr. Schoonhaven, and said to

him with composure: 'Do you not remember how (at a time which he mentioned) while your young people were dancing, some poor Indians came up and wished to join in the dance: but your people said, 'No: Indians shall not dance with us:' but you (for this man it seems recognized him just at the critical moment) said 'the Indians shall dance,' I will now show you that Indians can remember a favor.' This accidental recollection saved the life of Schoonhaven and his surviving companion.

Sub-marine Mines.

It is a most remarkable fact that not only in hills and valleys, and from the plains, have the enterprising exploration of the miners been conducted—some of the Cornish mines have actually been carried to a considerable distance under the sea; some of these submarine excavations, as described by Mr. Hawkins, display, in a striking manner, the effects of perseverance and the defiance of danger on the part of the miners; for instance, the noted mine of Huel Cok, in the parish of St. Just, which descends 80 fathoms and extends itself forward under the bed of the sea beyond low water mark. In some places the miners have only three fathoms of rock between them and the sea: so that they hear very distinctly the movement and the noise of the waves. This noise is sometimes terrible, being of an extraordinary loudness, as the Atlantic ocean is here many hundred leagues in breadth. In the mine, the rolling of the stones and rocks overhead which the sea moves along its bed, is plainly heard; the noise of which, mixed with the roaring of the waves, sounds like reiterated claps of thunder, and causes both admiration and terror to those who have the curiosity to go down. In one place where the vein was very rich, they searched it with imprudence, and left but four feet of rock between the excavation and the bed of the sea. At high water, the howling of the waves is heard in this place in so dreadful a manner that even the miners who work near it, have often taken flight, supposing that the sea was going to break through the weak roof and penetrate into the mine.—*Lardner's Cabinet Cyclopaedia.*

ANECDOTE OF LORD SANDWICH.—Lord Sandwich, a member of that administration which carried on the American war, though a dignified looking nobleman in dress, was so ungainly a walker in the street, that on a gentleman of his acquaintance expressing a doubt whether an individual at a distance was his lordship or not, another is said to have remarked: 'Oh yes, I am sure it is Lord Sandwich, for, if you observe, he is walking down both sides of the street at once.' His lordship used to relate of himself, that having once taken lessons in dancing, at Paris, he asked the professor at the conclusion, if he could do him any favor in his own country: to which the man replied, bowing: 'I should take it as a particular favor, if your lordship would never tell any one of whom you learned to dance.'

It is said that King George the III. at the close of the American Revolutionary War, ordered a thanksgiving to be kept throughout the United Kingdom. A noted Scotch Divine, in the presence of his majesty inquired:

'For what are we to give thanks—that

your Majesty has lost thirteen of his best provinces?'

The King answered 'No.'

'Is it then,' the Divine added, 'that your Majesty has lost one thousand lives of your subjects in the contest?'

'No! no!' said the King.

'Is it then that we have expended and lost an hundred millions of money, and for the defeat and tarnishing of your Majesty's arms?'

'No such thing!' said the King pleasantly.

'What, then, is the object of the thanksgiving?'

'Oh! give thanks that it is no worse!'

ORIGINAL ANECDOTE.—A gentleman found that a species of vegetables, called onions, were in the constant habit of disappearing from his garden without any assignable cause, except the agency of a little negro of his. He accordingly applied the hickory very plentifully to the supposed delinquent, notwithstanding his lamentable protestations of innocence. A day or two afterwards he was surprised at the entrance into the room of the negro, preceded by a formidable stench and bearing in his arms a certain grey animal, known commonly as a polecat. 'I told you, whip me for notin. Here 'em what steal he ingyum. Dont you smell he bref?'

COMPASSION.—A sick man observed to his wife, 'my dear I am not well to-day.—Will you be kind enough to prepare me a light dinner?' 'And what will you have Mr. P.?' 'Apple dumplings.' They were accordingly made, and Mr. P. sat down *solus* to a dish of eighteen! After having despatched seventeen and a half, and shown strong indications of finishing the remaining morsel, a little urchin, a son of his, cried out, 'O dad gim me that.' He very pathetically replied, 'go away my son—poor dad is sick.'

An Indian chief being asked his opinion of a case of Madeira wine, presented to him by an officer, said, he thought it a juice extracted from women's tongues and lion's hearts: for after he had drank a bottle of it, he could talk for ever and fight the devil.

THEY that would not eat the forbidden fruit, must not come near the forbidden tree. The garrison that sounds a parley, is not far from being surrounded. Those that would be kept from harm, must keep out of harm's way.

Two Jews were distinguished, one for his skill in boxing, and the other for his fondness of the fair sex. A gentleman being asked to what tribe they belonged, answered, 'I rather think that one is an Amorite and the other a Hittite.'

GALLANTRY.—'I say, Bet,' said a country blood, the other day, to his girl, who hung upon his arm like a bag of beans going to the mill:—'Bet, I say here's two darn'd fine cantelopes. You may take your choice, Bet, I shall have this; which'll you have?'

SYMPATHY IN THE FEATHERED TRIBE.—As a person was shooting swallows some time ago, at Osbaldwick, he fired at and wounded one, which fell as if its wing was broken, to within a few feet of the earth, when another swallow flew directly underneath, and bore it

gently up. After having attained a considerable elevation, the bird underneath withdrew its support; but finding the other was sinking again to the earth, it resumed its station, and once more raised it in the air. This was done several times; till at last the bird which was wounded flew away, as if it had not been hurt at all, and its companion followed it. This is as remarkable an instance of attachment and sympathy in the feathered tribe as we ever heard of

The Rural Repository.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 25, 1834.

THE HARTFORD PEARL.—The next number of this valuable periodical, heretofore published in Hartford, Ct. will be issued, under the title of the Boston Pearl, in Boston, Ms. where it is to be permanently located.

To Correspondents.

EXTRACTS from German Literature are welcome, and shall be attended to.

We know not whether the lines sent us by J. H. J. were intended to be inserted as original; they will however appear in our next number.

Letters Containing Remittances.

Received at this Office, ending Wednesday last, deducting the amount of Postage paid.

D. H. Fayetteville, Vt. \$1.00; C. W. B. Columbia Ville, N. Y. \$1.00; W. H. Brattleboro, Vt. \$1.00; W. A. H. Lodi, N. Y. \$0.81; J. W. Pondsboro, N. Y. \$0.75; H. C. W. Auburn, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Fort Hamilton, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Brownville, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Rhodes, N. Y. \$2.00; P. M. Troy, N. Y. \$1.00; P. M. Steuben, N. Y. \$1.00; E. F. Leeds, N. Y. \$1.00; H. W. R. West Stockbridge Center, Ms. \$1.00; C. B. H. West Stockbridge, Ms. \$1.00; C. G. I. Buffalo, N. Y. \$1.00.

SUMMARY.

EARLY SNOW.—On Monday the 29th ult. snow fell for two hours in Tioga County, and the frost that evening was unusually severe.

Governor Davis of Massachusetts, has appointed Thursday the 27th November, as a day of public thanksgiving throughout that State.

It is stated that the destination of the Frigate Potomac has been altered, and that, instead of going to the Mediterranean, she will go to the Frjee Islands, to look after the piratical scoundrels who have recently insulted and murdered a portion of the crews of two American merchantmen.

The Governor of Bombay receives a salary of £10,000 per annum.

Robert Temple, Esq. President of the Bank of Rutland, was found dead on the 5th inst. in a field adjoining his residence, shot through the heart. He had left the house but a short time with a loaded rifle in his hand; whether it was the result of accident or design, is not known.

A post office has been established among the Choctaws.

Matthias the imposter, now in prison waiting his trial, daily attended by a young artist, who is busily engaged taking his portrait, which is to be engraved for publication.

A splendid specimen of the Giraffe, or Camelopard has arrived at Philadelphia, and is to be exhibited at the museum of that city.

MARRIED.

In this city, on the 8th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Cardell, Mr. Lyman Knapp, to Miss Adeline Maxwell.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Waterbury, Mr. Jeremiah M. Race, to Miss Catherine, daughter of A. T. Van Deusen, Esq.

On the 5th ult. by the Rev. Mr. Hatfield, Mr. John Snedd, to Miss Sarah Ann Theal, both of Newburgh.

In Claverack, on the 4th inst. by the Rev. Mr. Sluyter, Mr. Jerome Tuttle, to Miss Charity Skinkle, all of the above place.

On the 15th inst. by the same, Mr. Winthrop Tipple of Hillsdale, to Miss Fidelity Humphrey of Claverack.

DIED.

In New-York, Mr. David Lapon, formerly of this city, aged 35 years.

At Hillsdale on the 2d inst. Mary, daughter of Michael Higgins, Esq. of the city of New-York, in the 17th year of her age.

At Otis, Ms. Mrs. Esther Penfield, relic of the late Isaac Penfield, of the above place, at the advanced age of 102 years and 5 months. After a long severe continued suffering of body, during which was experienced richly by her and evinced by her friends, the value of the Christian hope.

At Castleton, on the 9th ult. Hannah, daughter of Joseph and Maria Proseus, aged 18 years.

At Columbus, Ohio, Mrs. Elizabeth Jackson, wife of Dr. Peter Jackson, and daughter of Dr. H. L. Van Dyck, of Kinderhook.



ORIGINAL POETRY.

For the Rural Repository.

The Captive.

BRIGHT visions of the past,
How ye haunt my fevered brain,
Leading the spirit back
To its childhood's haunts again;
To the vine clad cot
By the fountain's gushing swell,
Cheating the dreary hours
Of my lone prison cell.

How vivid ye arise,
My childhood's glowing scenes,
With your tall mountain oaks,
And your cool shaded streams;
With the moss crowned rocks
Of your silent solitudes,
And the stern solemn grandeur
Of your Autumn fading woods.

How often has my heart,
In boyhood, leaped to hear
The night bird's shrill cry,
That echoed far and near;
The loud swelling surge,
Or the tempest's sullen roar,
And the wild wave's dash
On the sea beaten shore.

Oh had I but my freedom,
How blithely would I roam
In the forest's verdant shade,
Where unfettered and alone
I could breathe out my spirit,
At nature's gorgeous shrine,
In the land of the brave,
My own free sunny clime.

C. D.

Scene in a Private Mad House.

THE following lines, descriptive of a scene in a private Mad House, are from the pen of M. G. LEWIS, Esq. They were published in the National Intelligencer, about eight years since, the Editors of which paper introduced them with these remarks:—"If any one can read the following lines without shuddering in sympathy with the supposed captive, he must have a heart dead to every human feeling. The perusal of them had the more effect upon us, from the conviction we have for some time entertained, that insanity, when superinduced (not natural)—when it is an affection of the mind, and not a defect of organization—is often the consequence of the treatment of the disease—not merely of the estrangement of friends; of seclusion from the world; of coercion; but of the horrible dread of being thought mad by others. We recollect hearing of the case of an enlightened physician, who was carried by his friends to an Asylum for the insane, after exhibiting symptoms of an alienation of mind. 'My God: am I come to this? Never shall I leave these walls!' and he died within them, not many days after."

Stay, jailer, stay, and hear my woe!
She is not mad who kneels to thee;
For what I'm now, too well I know,
And what I was, and what should be.
I'll rave no more in proud despair,
My language shall be mild, though sad;
But yet I'll firmly, truly swear,
I am not mad: I am not mad!

My tyrant husband forged the tale
Which chains me in this dismal cell,
My fate unknown my friends bewail—
Oh! jailer, haste that fate to tell!

Oh! haste, my father's heart to cheer!
His heart at once 'twill grieve and glad,
To know, though kept a captive here,
I am not mad! I am not mad!

He smiles in scorn, and turns the key!
He quits the gate! I knelt in vain!
His glimm'ring lamp, still, still I see!
'Tis gone—and all is gloom again!
Cold, bitter cold—no warmth! no light!
Life, all thy comforts once I had!
Yet here I'm chained this freezing night,
Although not mad! no, no! not mad!

'Tis sure some dream! some vision vain!
What! I, the child of rank and wealth!
And I the wretch who clanks this chain,
Bereft of freedom, friends and health?
Ah! while I dwell on blessings fled,
Which never more my heart must glad,
How aches my heart! how burns my head,
But 'tis not mad—no, 'tis not mad.

Hast thou my child, forgot ere this,
A mother's face; a mother's tongue?
She'll ne'er forget your parting kiss,
Nor round her neck how fast you clung;
Nor how with me you sued to stay,
Nor how that suit your sire forbade;
Nor how—I'll drive such thought away—
They'll make me mad—they'll make me mad.

His rosy lips, how sweet they smiled—
His mild blue eyes, how bright they shone—
None ever bore a lovelier child—
And art thou now forever gone?
And must I never see thee more,
My pretty, pretty little lad?
I will be free—unbar the door—
I am not mad—I am not mad.

O, hark—what mean those dreadful cries?
His chain some furious madman breaks—
He comes—I see his glaring eyes—
Now, now, my dungeon grate he shakes—
Help—help—He's gone.—Oh—fearful woe,
Such screams to hear, such sights to see—
My brain, I know—I know
I am not mad—but soon shall be.

Yes, soon,—For lo, yon—while I speak,
Mark how yon demon's eye balls glare—
He sees me—now, with dreadful shriek,
He whirls a serpent high in air.
Horror—the reptile strikes his tooth
Deep in my heart so crushed and sad,
Aye, laugh, ye fiends, I feel the truth—
Your task is done,—I'm mad—I'm mad!

THE following is the last poetic effusion of our old and highly valued correspondent, E. S. B. Canning, who, under the signature of 'Z,' was formerly a contributor to our columns. It was written a few days before his death, near the scene it so beautifully describes; for, like many of our gifted countrymen, he went away to die.—Ed.

Naples by Moonlight.

The sails are furled, the anchors from the bow
Sullenly plunging drag their tortuous length
Of rattling cable; to the wind we swing
Securely moored. Leaning the bulwarks o'er,
I gaze upon the dream-like scene around
In wonder and in silence. The broad moon
Rides the mid heaven, and with a mellow light
Silvers a world of wild and wondrous shapes,
Tall spires, rotundas, palaces and towers,
Domes, villas, convents, castles, marble walls
Spotted with balconies; and with coy glance
Peeps mid the clustering luxuriance
Of multitudinous gardens, hung above,
Terrace o'er terrace, 'till they twine thy feet,
Mouldering St. Elmo!—Is it not a sight
To wake to vision the death glazing eye?
High o'er the vineyards and dark olive groves
Look how the tall pine towers, with here and there
A solitary palm; and far beyond
In dim and gloomy grandeur, see them rise,
Th' eternal Appenines. It is the land
We've trod so oft in fancy, when o'ercome
With late protracted vigils o'er the page
That chained us with its witchery, 'till it swam
Before us and with mental eye alone
We read the scenes it pictured. These are they.

Like a spent laborer Vesuvius lies
Resting from toil, but in a troubled sleep.
Skirting the bay that laves its feet, extends
Torre del Greco, and the busy hand
Of art audaciously has hung its sides
With villas and gay gardens; for they deemed,
Who gazed upon its long repose, the fires
Were in their dotage. Empty hope, for look!
The moon has not yet wasted, which in vain
Struggled with her young horn amid the gloom
Of sulphurous clouds and fiery cinder showers,
What time that lava deluge burst its bonds,
Which even now adown the channeled steep
Lies stiffening. And ever and anon
A puff of vapor from the new formed cone
Mingles its columns with the circling mass
That crowns its giant brow.

I have been out
Upon the hills at day-dawn, when the light
Of a glad morning burst upon the world
In renovated beauty; I have gazed
On the new world's wild scenery, when the day
Drew to its close, by twilight gay, and all
The changing hues of eventide; have read
Its varied beauty in each season fraught
With painting and with poetry;—and yet,
There was no scene like this,—no, not in dreams;
The beautiful and awfully sublime
Locked in each other's arms, and side by side
Reposing 'neath the moon of Italy.

Z.

Death.

WHAT is death? 'Tis to depart
From a world of griefs and woes,
Where the overburthen'd heart
Faints and trembles as it goes.

'Tis to leave a world of care
For a land of peace and rest;
Realm of endless pleasures, where
All the habitants are blest.

'Tis to quit the contest here
For the laurel and the crown,
Where the wreaths that angels wear
Beam less brightly than our own.

'Tis to leave our friends below,
With our friends above to reign;
Borne on wings of love we go,
Parting but to meet again.

'Tis to quit this glimmering ray
For the light that seraphs see;
One continued, cloudless day,
Beaming through eternity!

J. P.

LITERARY PREMIUMS.

The publisher of the Rural Repository, desirous of presenting his readers with superior original matter, and of encouraging literary talent, offers the following premiums, which he flatters himself may be considered worthy of notice by some of the writers of the day.

For the best ORIGINAL TALE (to occupy not less than three pages of the Repository) \$20.

For the best POEM (not less than forty lines) \$5.

Communications intended for the prizes must be directed to William B. Stoddard, Hudson, N. Y. and forwarded by the first of November next—each enclosing a sealed envelope of the name and residence of the writer. The merit of the pieces will be determined by a Committee of Literary Gentlemen selected for the purpose and will, after being decided upon, be considered the property of the publisher.

N. B. In addition to what was formerly offered, the author of every piece that is published will be entitled to a copy of the present volume.

☞ In all cases the articles intended for the prizes must be POST PAID, or they will not be attended to.

THE RURAL REPOSITORY

IS PUBLISHED EVERY OTHER SATURDAY, AT HUDSON, N. Y. BY

Wm. B. Stoddard.

It is printed in the Quarto form, and will contain twenty-six numbers of eight pages each, with a title page and index to the volume.

TERMS.—One Dollar per annum in advance, or One Dollar and Fifty Cents, at the expiration of three months from the time of subscribing. Any person, who will remit us Five Dollars, free of postage, shall receive six copies, and any person, who will remit us Ten Dollars, free of postage, shall receive twelve copies and one copy of the ninth or tenth volumes. ☞ No subscriptions received for less than one year.

☞ All Orders and Communications must be post paid to receive attention.